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The White Lady of La Jolla

By ROSE HARTWICK THORPE
Author of "Curfew Must Not Ring Tonight"

PRICE 35 CENTS

THE WHITE LADY OF LA JOLLA.

The White Lady of La Jolla

Illustrated

BY ROSE HARTWICK THORPE

Author of "Curfew Must Not Ring Tonight"

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BY ROSE HARTWICK THORPE

CALIFORNIA

The world pays tribute to thy magic charm,
  Gigantic offspring of the century,
And lays its treasures in thy outstretched arm.
In time of peace, in time of war's alarm,
  A Nation looks to thee.

Thy strength is in thy freedom. Free from creed
  That binds the powers and blinds the soul of man,
Reaching kind hands to human hearts that bleed,
Quick to perceive and meet another's need;
  To execute and plan.

Thine are the wilds no man hath ever trod;
  Thine are the vales of plenty; thine the sea.
Standing erect beneath the chastening rod,
And reaching upward through the mists to God,
  The world hath need of thee.

SEPT., 1898.

SAN DIEGO

Low swaying pepper boughs; blooms of magnolia;
Summer and sunshine and roses galore;
Song of the mocking bird,
Morning and evening heard;
Murmurous waves breaking white on the shore.

Fogs marching up from the breast of the ocean;
Languorous moons sailing into the west;
Fruitage of tree and vine,
All the year summertime;
Harbor of safety and haven of rest.

THE WHITE LADY OF LA JOLLA

The faithful little motor puffs impatiently, and throbs in labored breathings preparatory to carrying its burden of expectant humanity on one of its tri-daily trips from San Diego to the famous sea-side resort, La Jolla. There are picnic parties out from the city for a day on the beach. There are tourists from beyond the Rockies, and from the Old World. Some of these are of such decided individuality that they present unmistakable characteristics of state and nationality. The intellectual Bostonian, severely precise in every detail of dress and speech, perceptibly shocked at the western idioms, southern vernacularism, and wanton disregard of correct English that pulsate the air on all sides of her; the two ruddy Englishmen lounging in indolent comfort apparently unconscious of the fact that a delicate woman, with the fatal hectic flush on her cheeks, is standing in the aisle near them, having failed to secure a seat in the crowded coach; the family from Michigan, noisy boys and laughing girls, enjoying their outing with rollicking spontaneity; the woman from Colorado, dominative and self-assertive, the majesty of whose presence submerges and overwhelms the timid Hoosier school marm who has offered the royal lady a seat beside her; the sweet-faced mother and elderly gentleman from "the blue grass country;" the loud voiced Texan; the eastern

capitalist; the Kansas farmer; the languid-eyed Mexican; the tawny Scotchman. It is, indeed, a miscellaneous company representing many of the states, and all conditions of life. It is, in fact, California in miniature, for California is peopled, not only with the overflow of the states, but with that of the whole world. The quick-witted, progressive Yankee is a product of mixed races, and the conditions from which he sprung are today preparing a special American people in this far west land.

The coaches are soon filled with happy humanity, the mingling of whose voices make joyous undulations of sound that warm the heart of the passer and call a smile to his lips. At the last moment it is found that an extra coach is needed, and the important little motor with a perfunctory puff or two, pulls itself together with sudden determination and sets about supplying the deficiency. Presently everyone, including the little woman with the hectic cheeks, is comfortably seated, and the motor pulls its burden of enthusiastic humanity out of the station, while the sight-seers prepare to discharge the duty for which they have traveled thousands of miles.

To the west lie the placid waters of the San Diego bay, Uncle Sam's southmost harbor on the western coast. Its azure surface is dotted with yachts, immense vessels of commerce, a warship in the distance, and is fringed, at its nearer edge, with rowboats. Beyond this blue expanse lies white-walled Coronado, like a glimpse of the celestial city in the soft-toned haze. The rugged sides of Point Loma show darkly against the deeps of the southern sky, as he bends his massive arm to protect the peaceful harbor in its graceful curve, with Roseville and La Playa clinging to his base like barnacles on the hull of a ship.

Three miles along the shores of the bay and original San Diego is reached. A few crumbling adobe

walls where homes once stood, a few time-stained and weather-beaten wooden buildings erected in the days of the Mission Fathers (the timbers of one of these having been brought around Cape Horn in that early day before the advent of sawmill or planing mill *), a neglected plaza, a general appearance of indolent Mexican life, a page torn out of the past, rich with historical reminiscences, and this is old San Diego as it now appears.

Among other interesting features of this relic of by-gone days, appropriately called Old Town, is the house where Ramona, the heroine of Helen Hunt

RAMONA'S MARRIAGE PLACE.

Jackson's California romance, was married to her Indian lover. An opportunity is given the tourist to visit the place and assist Father Time in his destruction of the ancient ruins by chipping off pieces of the walls as souvenirs with which the appreciative visitor returns to his car, and the faithful little motor continues its journey northward, over the San Diego river, bottom up during the summer and autumn months, but right side up again as soon as the winter rains have thoroughly soaked the ground. Sometimes it is a roaring torrent; oftener a gentle stream, and always for a part of the year, a dry river bed.

*Recently removed.

At this point a glimpse may be obtained of the ancient palms, protected from vandal hands by a high picket fence. Your attention is drawn to these palms and the information is vouchsafed that the trees were planted by the Mission Fathers one hundred and twenty-five years ago. A sour-visaged individual, with malicious intent, adds the information that in all probability they are of the feminine gender, because they have added nothing to their age since '87.

Beyond the river and to the eastward lie the rolling mesas, velvety green, or sun-brown according to the season, and snuggled against them is Morena, a dot of a town avalanched upon the map amid boom convulsions, and resting just where the tidal wave left it. One of nature's beauty spots is Morena, and it is small wonder that pulses beat high with premature hopes of its greatness. Hopes which are, however, only in abeyance, for some soon day beautiful homes and tropical gardens will arise above this burial place of great expectations.

To the westward lies
Fair Mission bay,
Now blue, now gray,
Now flushed by sunset's after glow.

Pale rose hues take the tint of fawn,
At dawn of dusk and dusk of dawn.
God's placid mirror, Heaven crowned,
Framed in the brown hills circling 'round.

Mission bay, in its present state, is too shallow for commerce, but the row boats and sail boats that flit across its surface, or drift idly with its tide; the song and laughter that mingles with the sound of dipping oars, proclaim its mission of pleasure.

Pacific Beach, still farther on is an ideal settlement of lemon orchards and beautiful homes. Here enterprise and culture join hands for the material and social welfare of its inhabitants. It is a well

ON MISSION BAY.

known fact that no place on the coast is so favorable for the student of conchology, and that its ocean beach is rich in rare deposits of algae. Eye never contemplated a more beautiful picture than that which repays a drive, or a climb to the heights northward of the long sweep of southern exposure that dips with a gentle declivity to the bay. To the imaginative there is something awe inspiring in the

HOTEL BALBOA, PACIFIC BEACH.

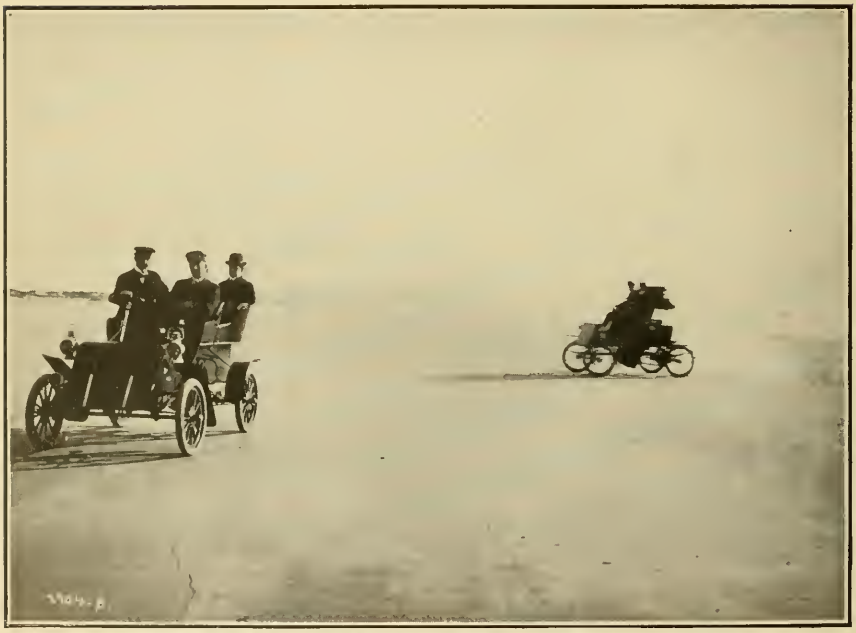
view. Forty, fifty, sixty miles the eye travels with the rapidity of thought, drinking in the marvelous beauty of sun-brown mesas, city, towns, ship-decked harbor, ocean expanse, and mountains that rise in silent majesty. No pen can paint the picture. It must be seen to be appreciated.

Passing through Pacific Beach you soon reach Ocean Front. The beach at this point is one of the

finest natural boulevards on the western coast. It was here

A thousand years old ocean beat
His giant strength against the shore
And all the rugged, rock-strewn floor
Grew level 'neath his restless feet.

By sturdy blows he wrought his plan,
And laid earth's towering bulwarks low;
A thousand years with ebb and flow,
He paved a boulevard for man.



NATURE'S BOULEVARD, PACIFIC BEACH.

Four miles with the sound of the sea in your ears, and a prolonged whistle from the motor's throat proclaims the fact that La Jolla, "the gem of the sea" has been reached. At the station the crowded coaches are delivered of their passengers, who im-

UNDER THE PEPPERS, PACIFIC BEACH.

mediately form groups, and lesser parties, with expectant faces turned seaward.

Of all this constant stream of humanity drifting in and out of La Jolla but few have heard of the beautiful white lady who stands at the mouth of one of the caves. To some she is only an accidental formation of nature, but she is a marvel and a mystery to those who, having known her in life, recognize an acquaintance in the specter of the caves.

CATHEDRAL ROCK, LA JOLLA.

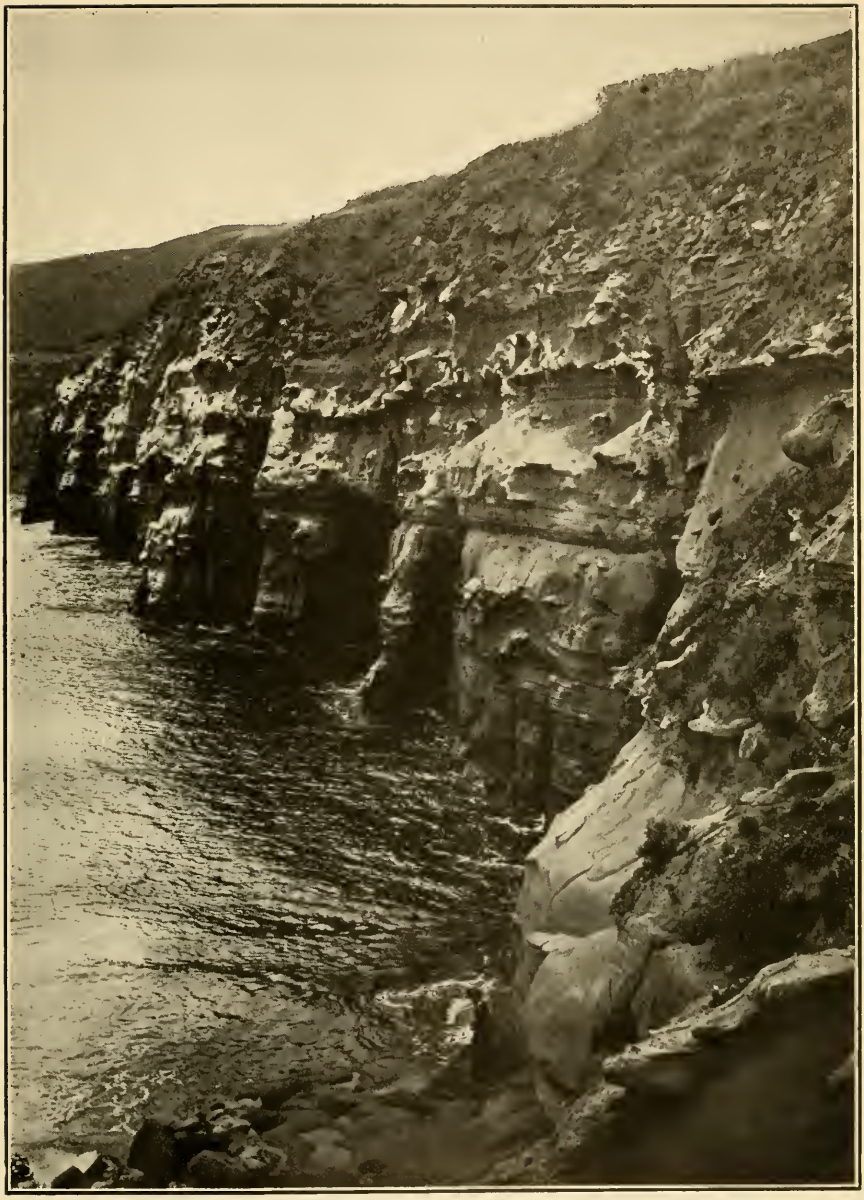
Nature made La Jolla and man can neither add to nor take from the charm of her attractions. The pretty sea-side cottages that crown the high-lands, overlooking the ocean, with their wide porches and variety of architecture are an interesting spectacle, but these are not La Jolla. The boom, boom of gigantic breakers beating their unconquerable strength against the rocks, and dashing the foam of their rage hundreds of feet in the air, with the mar-

velous ocean ever surging back of them, hold you with a mystic fascination, but these are not La Jolla. The merry bathers in the surf, and the little children with their bright dresses making dashes of color on shell beach from June to June the year's long day, are ever a pleasure and a delight, but they are not La Jolla. All these are common to sea-side resorts, but the magnificent handiwork of that grand old sculptor, Father Pacific, in his peculiar formations and ornamentations of the huge rocks which Mother Nature has placed convenient for his use: Cathedral Rock, the Fisherman's Bridge, Alligator Head, and especially the deep, mysterious caves from whence its name originated, these are the most attractive features of La Jolla. These are La Jolla.

The murmur of the sea is in your ears, its saline fingers cling to your garments, and touch your lips with soft caresses. Your practical other self slips away from you under the mesmeric influence of this dream inviting presence, and wandering on and on you enter the great caves, and become fascinated with the novelties of the animal and vegetable life in the solitudes of these rock-ribbed caverns. You take no heed of the passage of time, or the distance over which your eager feet have traveled.

Here upon a rock is a specimen of sea-weed, pink as the heart of a rose, its delicate tracery like finest lace-work, yonder is a whole community of squirming inhabitants carrying their houses on their backs, and conducting their affairs of state after their own best approved methods. A step farther and another interest attracts your attention, absorbing your thoughts with animated speculation. Presently becoming weary of the rock-walled, rock-floored cavern, you turn your face to its entrance and are startled by the spectacle that meets your gaze.

There, in the mouth of the cave, filling its entire space, stands a tall, white lady. She is robed in shimmering garments of light, wrapped in a misty



THE CAVES, LA JOLLA.

veil, and on her head is a wreath like a coronet of orange blossoms. You see at a glance that she is beautiful, and stately as a queen, for though her features are not visible ,the outlines of her graceful form are perfect in every detail. She stands in an expectant attitude, with her face turned to the right as if listening. One hand is partly raised, and you know instinctively that she is in search of some one. Her dress falls in rain-bow tinted folds to her feet, and sweeps in a long, billowy train over the uneven surface of the rock-strewn entrance.

You stand breathless with amazement. Heretofore your philosophy admitted no credence of the white lady of La Jolla, but can your eyes deceive you? Behold, she stands before you trailing her bridal robes over the slimy stones. She has taken possession of the cave with her radiant presence, whose only substance is light. You can see the foam-flecked waters tossing back of her, and, looking directly through her discover a row boat drifting idly with the tide while matters of greater importance than its guidance occupy the couple whose heads lean closer as hearts speak through the windows of the soul. Presently the boat drifts past, and once more the white lady holds solitary possession of the entrance. As you stand there lost in amazement and conjecture, a wave rushes past her, submerges her train, and creeping in, touches the hem of your dress with damp, chilly fingers. You are startled from your surprised discovery with a sudden premonition of danger, and hastily seeking a place of safety you recall the story of the white lady ,as related to you that morning.

Mrs. Trumbar is one of the many lodging-house keepers in San Diego, and although only an ordinary woman to all appearances she is, in fact, an unabridged volume of reminiscences connected with the old Spanish-American settlement of San Diego, and

adjacent country. Nothing escapes her observation, and she never forgets.

There is much of the supernatural connected with the romantic history of San Diego, and it is often difficult to discern just where the real event is merged in the imaginative. Tradition affirms that departed spirits habitually wander about lonely places at all hours after sunset, and startle the belated tourist in his search for curious specimens of land and sea to add to his collection. Who has not heard of the cowled padre of the San Diego mission who, on moonlight nights, wanders restlessly up and down, over and under the ruined aqueduct beyond the mission walls, as if inspecting the work, and assuring himself that his army of Indian laborers are performing it satisfactorily? And who has not heard of the beautiful Indian maiden searching for her recreant lover through the canyons and among the tangled growth of Point Loma? Parties camping in Mission Valley have seen the old padre, and tourists have caught fleeting glimpses of the Indian maiden.

And there are other stories. Mrs. Trumbar can tell you all about them, relating each story in detail, and giving you minute directions how and when to approach the scene of the ghostly wanderings in order to obtain the best results and be convinced that she has not deceived you.

As you prepare for your day's outing Mrs. Trumbar approaches from the kitchen, wiping the dishwater from her brown fingers on her apron (she is always washing dishes, it seems to you), and begins:

"What place do you visit today?" adding, before you can reply, "I might suggest-oh, it's La Jolla, is it Well, you'll enjoy the day out there, I can tell you. Let me see—" whisking the daily paper from a pile of like literature on the stand in the corner of the room, and finding the tide table. Her moist forefinger follows down the column and finally halts

GOLD FISH POINT, LA JOLLA.

with a satisfactory pressure, and the anxiety lifts from her face as she announces that you have chosen the right day to visit La Jolla, regardless of the fact that in planning your trip you have evidently consulted the tide table for yourself.

"It is all right," she informs you. "It will be low tide at noon. You are just in luck. You can see the white lady best at the noon hour."

"Ever heard of the white lady of the caves?" she continues as you fasten a coil of your hair in place, and proceed with other details of your toilet. You are a little fearful that her narrative may crowd upon your time, but the slight negative movement of your head is sufficient encouragement. She accordingly settles herself comfortably in the generous rocker that sways her ample figure to and fro as she relates the story.

"Never heard of her? Well, now. I must tell you, or you'll miss half the interest of the trip. It's like visiting Europe without a guide, or any knowledge of the places you're going to see, to go to La Jolla without having heard the story of the beautiful bride, and-oh, yes, her husband, too, of course.

"It was long before 'the boom,' before the railroad came, and almost before the world knew that there was such a place as San Diego. There were only a few families of us living here then, in what *was* San Diego, but is now called Old Town, and we used to get what comfort we could out of life in this lonesome corner of the world. Some families had come over to New Town, but we were not among them.

"One year between Thanksgiving and Christmas time a young couple came down in the stage from Los Angeles and stopped at my house. All the best people stopped at my house in them days, but the big hotels have fairly crowded me out since the boom. Though, to be sure," with an apprehensive

glance at you, and a quick indrawing of the breath, "the best people often stop with me now."

"These young folks I was speaking about were on their wedding trip; though, dear sakes alive! it must have been a hard one, all the way down from Los Angeles in that bumpy old stage. I can't imagine what ever induced them to come a traipsin' away down here to the end of the earth, unless it was to get away from everybody, and be all by themselves. I can see the bride this minute as she came up the walk that day, as tall as any queen, and every bit as handsome, too. Her eyes were as blue as the gentian flowers I used to gather when I was a little girl, and somehow I always thought of them whenever I looked at her. And her dresses! Why, a queen might well have envied them, they were that fine. I remember of telling Maria (Maria was my sister, and lived with me then, but she has died since, poor dear); I remember well of telling her that I thought it a burning shame to waste all of them pretty dresses in an out-of-the-way corner like this. But I don't imagine she had them made specially for San Diego, and being a bride she had to have them anyhow.

"Yes, I know you'll have to be off pretty soon, so I'll hasten with the story. The bride—their name was Hathaway, to match their fine clothes, but I always called her 'the bride'—she wanted to visit every lonely place she could hear of, and couldn't hardly content herself to rest up from that tiresome trip down from Los Angeles. I fixed up my best bedroom for them, and laid myself out to make her feel at home. I flatter meself that I succeeded, too, for the morning they started for La Jolla she was as chipper as a bird, the poor dear.

"Mr. Hathaway engaged Trumbar to drive them to La Jolla, and I put up a lunch for them good enough to make a king's mouth water, if I do say it.

HARWOOD BEACH, LA JOLLA.

There was cold turkey left over from Sunday's dinner, and pickle-lily, and pound cake, and olives raised on a tree of our own, and mince pie in a tin can to keep it from mussin', and—I can't begin to remember half of the good things I put in that basket, but there wasn't a bite of it eaten by any one, for they, poor souls, never came back again, and Trumbar was that frightened and worried that he never even opened the basket, or thought of eating."

A moment of impressive silence, and Mrs. Trumbar resumes:

"It was pitch dark before Trumbar got home that night, and I was nearly beside myself with anxiety, but the minute I set eyes on him I knew that some terrible thing had happened, for he looked like an old man, and shook as if he had an ague chill all the while he was telling me about it. He said that as soon as they reached La Jolla the young couple went off hunting for shells and sea things along the beach, and finally wandered off in the direction of the caves. After he had unhitched and fed the horses he found a comfortable place, and smoked for a while, then feeling drowsy, stretched out in the sunshine and took a nap. He said he must have slept a long time for when he awakened he was sort of numb all over. He had hardly whipped the feeling back into his fingers when he heard a cry of terror coming from the direction of the caves, and he knew in a minute that it was the bride calling to her husband. He ran to the place where he could see the caves, and there, away at almost at the fartherest one stood Mrs. Hathaway at the entrance. He saw that the tide had turned and was running in so strong that a wave splashed over her feet, and seemed to catch at her with its awful white fingers. She was so timid about venturing near the water that he knew something had happened to whip up her courage to that extent, for the roaring of the sea behind her, and the darkness of the caves must have appalled her. Probably

Mr. Hathaway had left her with the story book she had brought with her, while he went inside, and became so intent on what he was finding that he hadn't noticed the tide was rising. It was rolling in pretty strong before she discovered it, and becoming frightened at her husband's long stay, had gone in search of him.

"Trumbar tried to get to her, but he was a long distance away with a lot of climbing to do getting down to her. When he came to the bluff overlooking the caves, he called to her to come back at once, for he could see that a monstrous wave was coming, but it was useless, as he knew, for no sound of his voice could reach her through all that distance She began flinging her arms about and wringing her hands, and just at that moment a big wave rushed in with an awful sound, and"—with a hush in her voice, and a spasmodic catch in her breath, "and that was all. Trumbar never saw either of them after that, though he waited about, calling and watching, hoping to see their bodies, if nothing more.

"It was almost night before he started for home, and by that time the caves were full of water, and he knew there was no use waiting any longer.

"The next day Trumbar and two of our neighbors drove to La Jolla, though they knew before they started that it was useless, and that they would never see the young couple again, unless the waves washed their bodies ashore. They spent the whole day searching the caves and the rocks, but they found no trace of them, not even so much as the book Mrs. Hathaway had left on the rocks when she went in search of her husband, for the tide had been uncommon high during the night, and had washed even that away.

"When the searchers came home that night we knew that we must try to find the friends of the young couple, and in looking over their belongings

ALLIGATOR HEAD, LA JOLLA.

we found the address of her folks. We wrote to them at once, telling them of the dreadful thing that had happened to their daughter and her husband. After a few weeks (it took a long time in them days to make the trip) her brother came on, and nothing would do but he must go to the place where his sister had lost her life. So one day Trumbar and I drove him over to La Jolla.

"I put up a good lunch for I knew we would need considerable sustaining during the ordeal that was before us, to say nothing of the long, tiresome ride through the sage brush. The minute we got to La Jolla the young man (Ross Willard was his name, and he was tall and handsome like his sister) was for going right on to the cave where Trumbar had last seen her. The nearest way was down an almost perpendicular gully of loose shale, and the most we could do was to slide from top to bottom. Ross Willard went ahead, and as we was a-slipping and a-sliding down that awful place I could not help thinking how like a funeral procession it was, with this young man who had come so many miles to visit the only grave his poor sister would probably ever have, and we two, who had learned to like the young couple so much in the little while we had known them, following along behind. I was pretty tired when we got to the bottom, for there wasn't any steps to make it easy for one in them days as there is now, and if I'd been as heavy as I am now I never could have got down in the world. When we reached the bottom I would like to have rested a bit and got my breath, but Ross Willard rushed ahead, and we followed as fast as we could.

"He hurried into the cave as though he expected to find his sister there. He disappeared into the one where Trumbar had last seen her, and as he turned to speak to us a look came into his face that I'll never forget if I live a hundred years. We were following him, and our backs were to the light, but

his face was toward the opening, and as he turned it suddenly went white, and he cried out:

"'My sister! Look there! It is Bertha in her wedding dress!'

"We turned, and there she stood in the mouth of the cave, on the very spot where death had found her. She didn't have on the traveling dress she wore that day, but was dressed in her wedding gown. We could see the orange wreath in her hair, and her long train spread out over the stones. It was as if the whole entrance had formed her shape. It wasn't just the outlines of a woman. It was Mrs. Hathaway. You come to know a woman as much by her form as by her face, and Mrs. Hathaway was rather uncommon in her build. She was taller and more graceful than most women, carrying her head erect with a dignity that would have seemed haughty if it had not been for the sweet graciousness of her manner.

"When I saw her, standing there like life, I was that frightened you could have knocked me down with a feather, but all Ross Willard seemed to think of was to get to her at once. He pushed Trumbar aside and started for the place where she was standing. We turned and followed, but all at once she disappeared, and the opening was just like any other.

Mrs. Trumbar's voice is hushed. The clock ticks loudly on the mantel. The piping voice of a mocking-bird drifts in through the open window. Little awesome chills creep up your back, and you find that in spite of your philosophy the story you have mentally designated as a pretty invention has strangely impressed you.

"We are quite sure," Mrs .Trumbar continues after a momentary pause, during which her fingers have pulled nervously at a broken splint in the chair, "that the one place where the bride is visible is the spot where her young husband stood when he heard

her voice calling to him, and looking up discovered her with the great wave rolling in at her back, on that fatal day. It may be that the ocean repents the destruction of those two young lives, and has chiseled her form from the edges of the rocks, and set it in the entrance of the cave as a warning to others, but I will never admit that the likeness is just accidental. It is too perfect."

LA JOLLA

The land's-end here, of rugged mould,
  Fronts grim and grand the tossing sea,
Its rock-strewn ledges, fold on fold,
  Withstand the water's battery.
The caverns where the waves make moan
Are spiked with columns carved from stone.

Those caves, dark-mouthed, mysterious,
  Ingulf the eddying, swirling tide,
And beat their prey delirious,
  With dash and lash from side to side
Through corridor and vaulted dome,
Then hurl it forth in froth and foam.

Behold this rock's storm-chiseled face:
  His giant arms that seaward reach
To bar its progress. See the grace
  Of yonder crescent-curving beach
Where bathers sport and children play,
From noon to noon the year's long day.

SUNSET AT LA JOLLA.

SUNSET

From his high throne the mighty ruler of the days,
  Bends down and downward to the fond embrace
Of ocean's arms. Upon her bosom lays
  The glory of his bright, enraptured face,
And flushes all her being with his gaze.

FEBRUARY ON THE LA JOLLA HILLS

Did you hear them stirring before they came?
As they whispered low together,
Deep in their mother's warm, brown breast,
All through the rainy weather.

Did you hear their laughter, the pretty things?
As they talked their secret over,
And buzzed like a swarm of honey-bees,
Turned loose in a field of clover.

And then they revealed it, the glad surprise
Of these little merry makers,
And spread a carpet of rain-bow dyes
Down over a thousand acres.

The carpet is yellow and blue and pink,
Woven in many a pattern,
There are squares, and diamonds and circling [belts,
Like the yellow belts of Saturn.

There are fields of gold—whole poppy fields—
Oh, the land is color crazy;
Purple and yellow and lavender,
Under the warm sky hazy.

Dashes of color, and shouts of glee,
All in the winter weather,
For the flowers of earth and the human flowers
Are out on the hills together.

TOURISTS

They stood by the west sea while sunset
Made ready its winter surprise.
"Was there ever such blue?" she murmured,
"Such wonderful blue ,as these skies?"
"Such blue," he replied, "No, never,
"'Tis the gateway to Paradise,
Through radiant blue, to the heart of you."
And he smiled in her lifted eyes.

"Oh, the charm of the southwest winter!
There is naught on earth to compare
With this cloth of gold on the sea unrolled;
This dust of gold, in the air."
"The gold," and his voice grew tender,
"There was never such gold, I swear;
Such marvelous gold, on my heart unrolled."
And he touched his lips to her hair.

"See yon crimson path leading upward
To the portal of Heaven, I wis.
Was ever a red so rare?" she said,
"Was ever a red like this?"
"Oh, red of the heart's deep fountain!
Oh, rapturous altar of bliss!
There is no such red in the world," he said.
As he laid on her lips a kiss.

SUNSET, LA JOLLA.

L. of C.

THE CALIFORNIA POPPY

Flower of the west-land with calyx of gold,
Swung in the breeze over lace-woven sod;
Filled to the brim with the glory of God,
All that its wax-petaled chalice can hold.
This was the birth of it: On the brown plain,
The sun dropped a kiss in the footprint of rain.

A PROPHECY

The day is near when many a barren place
Will 'wake from its long centuries of rest,
And lift to heaven the fruitage of its face;
Flowers will unfold where dwells the land's disgrace,
Within our golden west.

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